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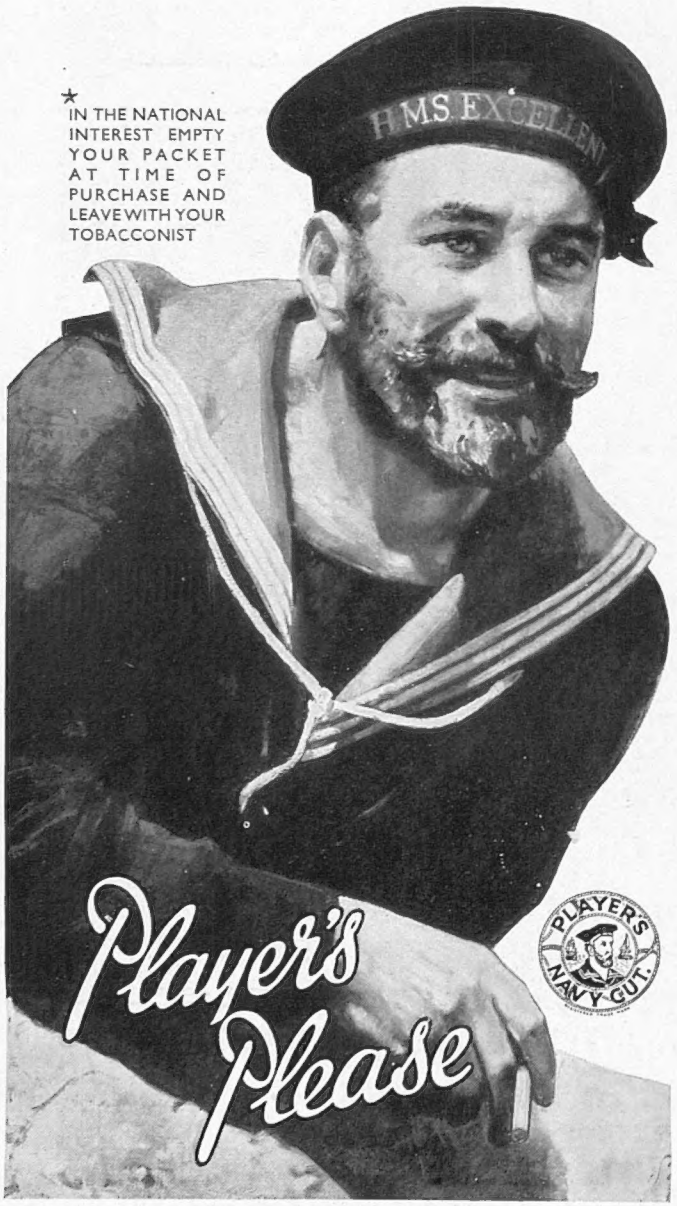

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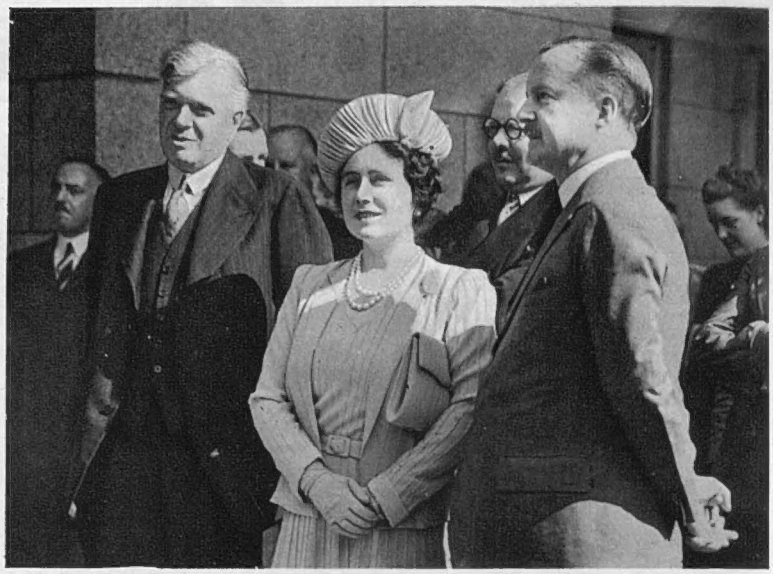
The Bystander

A Boar for a Spitfire

Instead of shrimping in their rolled-up trousers, these Tommies waded through the warm, shallow water for a close-up of the crashed 'plane they were guarding on a south-east coast beach. From its side they cut this painted boar, insignia of Göring's own squadron. A short time before, six "Spitfires" had, with the R.A.F.'s glorious madness of skill and courage, hurled themselves at 59 German aeroplanes—19 Dorniers and 40 Messerschmitts. Six of the enemy formation were shot down, and the rest ran, like the boar, for home. This was one of the myriad odds-against encounters of the early part of last week, when wave after wave of attack was broken up over South-East England, at a cost to Marshal Göring of about 200 'planes in five days

***American straws** in the wind of increased U.S. preoccupation with the war were blown across the Atlantic some weeks ago in the shape of military and naval observers. Heads of their respective missions, Major-General Emmons and Rear-Admiral Ghormley sit here with their Ambassador in London. The same wind blew much work Mr. Kennedy's way during the negotiations over destroyers for Britain and air and naval bases for America, the exchange of which last week has thoroughly pleased both parties to the "swap"*



***The Ministry of Information** headed the Royal visiting-list on Wednesday last week. The Queen posed with the Ministry's new Director-General, Mr. Frank Pick, the Minister, Mr. Duff Cooper, and the Under-Secretary, Mr. Harold Nicolson (behind). The King and Queen made a thorough round of the Ministry; saw the Press room, where the Press Committee chairman, Ernest Hunter, introduced them to "the Fourth Estate — representatives of the free Press of the world"; visited the censorship division, the film theatre, the photographs division. The King also saw the Ministry's Home Guard armoury, and the Queen talked to some of the postal censors*

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

I WENT down to Dover a few days ago to have a look at the heap of smoking ruins which I had understood Dover to be. I found that the town was practically intact. I couldn't find any ruins, but I soon learnt that the citizens of Dover were greatly worried by the dreadful state to which Folkestone had been reduced by bombs. So I went on to Folkestone, and there again I couldn't find any ruins, but the people of Folkestone told me that they were seriously worried about the bombing of Liverpool. The truth of the matter is that there has been a large amount of exaggeration in the descriptions of the amount of damage.

IN another part of England I have visited, in the last few days, a munition factory which was suddenly and violently bombed a few weeks ago. The German bombers certainly made a nice job of it when they pitched somewhere about thirty bombs clean through the roof, and bombs falling on a concrete floor are apt to make a bit of a mess. As a matter of fact, I visited the factory exactly fourteen days after the bombing, and it was already back in production up to about three-quarters of its capacity. And of the 2000 men and women who were working in it, there was only one casualty. All the rest were safe in the air-raid shelters.

ANYONE who watched anti-aircraft fire in the last war will be astonished when he sees modern anti-aircraft gunners at work. Personally, I have never met a man who met a man who ever saw a German aeroplane shot down by gunfire in the last war. Already our anti-aircraft have shot down about 150 German aeroplanes since the air raids began. In eleven days at the end of August, 41 machines were brought down, and you must remember that their targets fly very much faster, and as a rule very much higher, than the aeroplanes of the last war.

A QUESTION which you hear asked a good deal nowadays is, "Will bombing be easier or more difficult in wintertime?" Mr. Ronald Walker, war correspondent of the *News Chronicle*, believes that the winter weather will be in our favour as Britain is notorious for bad-weather flying conditions after the autumn. Germany, on the other hand, is big enough geographically to have bad weather in some parts and good weather in others simultaneously, so that the R.A.F. will have a choice. Over England in winter bad weather is likely to be bad all over the country.

IT is reported that Colonel Knox, Secretary for the United States Navy, is negotiating with Ecuador for a naval base on the Galapagos Islands and with Costa Rica for a naval base on the Cocos Islands. On the former, Colonel Knox will find turtles; on the latter he may find the celebrated treasure of Captain Kidd, or Blackbeard, or whoever the ruffian was who buried his loot on the Cocos.

THE episode of Sir George Paish is unfortunate. All that we know for certain is that Sir George had an interview with Senator Wheeler, who is a fanatical Isolationist, and that the Senator rushed excitedly to the reporters and gave his own version of a private conversation. As a result, Lord Lothian has had to ask Sir George to leave the United States. The moral is, I suppose, not to talk to Senator Wheeler.

IN the first week of April, Lord Catto, Director-General of Equipment and Stores, said that the Expeditionary Force to Norway was fully equipped with equipment much superior to that of the Germans. Dr. Burgin, Minister of Supply, was photographed holding up a white jacket and saying that the Expeditionary Force was magnificently equipped, or words to that effect. Now the Military Affairs Department of the Ministry of Information, in a review of the first year of war, says that the British Forces in Norway were "ill-supplied and equipped."

A GIRL shorthand-typist employed by the Ministry of Food at Colwyn Bay was put on the job of going round the grocer shops of the town with an inspector, trying to persuade the grocers to sell tea without coupons. She did it once and then resigned. A grocer was duly charged, and the girl had to give evidence. The inspector, however, failed to appear in court, and even after an adjournment he had still not turned up. The Bench dismissed the case, but for some astounding reason refused costs to the defendant. The Ministry will now have to get a new Agent Provocateur and perhaps also a new inspector who does not shirk his end of the sorry business.

THERE was a stupid mistake in the translation of General de Gaulle's broadcast the other day. The translation made him say, when he was talking about the rallying of the French Colonies, "The French Empire is toeing the line." Obviously what he meant was something

(*Concluded on page 324*)

Dorothy Thompson—Champion of Freedom

America's foremost woman journalist and defender of human dignity is Dorothy Thompson, wife of the noted novelist, Sinclair Lewis. Born in Lancaster, New York, she was raised in the precepts of American democracy. There are, however, few people better acquainted with Europe and its problems than Dorothy Thompson, who spent the fateful post-war years as foreign correspondent on a restless and dislocated Continent. She witnessed the growth of totalitarianism and recognised the strength of its virus. The German-American Bund had no more formidable decrier than Dorothy Thompson. To-day she is one of the leading advocates for aid to this country and can be counted as the staunchest journalistic support that Britain has in the U.S. press. Her following runs into millions and plays a large part in forming public opinion. Articles appearing in the *Daily Telegraph* here have gained her a wide popularity in Britain which has increased since her radio broadcast, "Let's Face the Facts," was relayed by the B.B.C.

Passing Hour

(Continued from page 322)

like "falling into line" or "falling into step." The expression "toeing the line" suggests that the French Colonies were being forcibly compelled by Britain to join the Allied cause. Mr. Vyvyan Holland, who made the translation, rejects, however, the suggestion that the English expression, "toeing the line," implies any form of compulsion, and he claims that the Oxford Dictionary says that the phrase means "to present oneself in readiness for a race." I find it difficult to agree with the Oxford Dictionary, but this, I know, is heresy.

THE old guns on Tower Hill, which I spoke about the other day, are not to be scrapped after all. It was thought that they were relics of the Napoleonic Wars, but Mr. J. G. Mann, Master of Armouries at the Tower, has discovered that they are a good deal older and probably date back to the Marlborough Wars. Certainly they are older than 1714, the date of the accession of George I. Curiously enough, eighteenth-century guns are very rare, because Pitt melted them down for scrap to make new guns against Napoleon.

ALMOST all the signs up and down the country which marked the existence of Rights of Way have been removed for national safety, and a good many landowners are quietly taking advantage of the situation and are ploughing up the pathways. When the war is over, the Commons Preservation Society and the Footpaths Society will have to work hard to recover a good many of these Rights of Way for the public.

THERE is a nice little ramp going on in the sale of lemons. 15,000 cases of lemons have just arrived in this country and have been distributed by the Ministry of Food to the wholesalers, who have paid about 6d. a lemon. By the time the lemons get to the public, however, they are costing 10d. or 1s. each, and it appears that the bigger the retail shop is, the higher the price of the lemon.

I WENT up to Lord's last week for the first time this year, and watched the Buccaneers playing against the Empire Eleven. It was a glorious summer afternoon, one of the loveliest of the year. The turf was not as green as usual, because of the baking which it has had for so many weeks now, but the old familiar place looked just the same. Mr. H. T. Bartlett batted rather more slowly than usual, and perhaps Lieut. F. R. Brown has put on a little weight, but otherwise the scene was peaceful and placid and ordinary, with the small exception that the sky was full of balloons and that twenty-seven German bombers flew overhead and put an end to the game.

MR. NEGLEY FARSON is the American journalist and traveller who first came into fame in this country with his book, *The Way of a Transgressor*. His new book is a record of a journey across Central Africa, which he did last year with his wife. It is called *Behind God's Back*, and it is as good a travel story as I have read for quite a while.

I WENT to see Mr. Rex Harrison's new film, *Night Train to Munich*, the other evening, and I am sorry to say that I was deeply disappointed. It seemed to me to be slow and cumbersome, and not even Mr. Harrison's fine acting brought it along faster, and the critical point of the whole story was neatly ignored. How did the two funny men get into their German uniform? At one moment they were in ordinary clothes, and the next they were miraculously disguised. But the general public seems to like the film.

THAT famous journalist, Cassandra, of the *Daily Mirror*, has invented a new phrase—or rather, he has found a new meaning for an old phrase. He often refers in his column to British "dermatologists," and describes them as people who have gone to America to study the safety of their own skins. He has now been joined by Mr. Bernard Gray, who has been asking some pointed questions about Mr. "Bunny" Austin, the lawn tennis player. Mr. Austin has been very busy in the United States at his moral rearmament for a long time, and Mr. Gray wonders if he is likely to come back here to help in physical rearmament.

***"The nation** should become familiar with the leaders of the Army upon whom one day the limelight will certainly fall." So said the "Times," in its leading article on Mr. Eden's speech at the National Defence Public Interest Committee luncheon last week. Here is one of those leaders, the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Alan Brooke, talking to the Canadian High Commissioner, Mr. Vincent Massey, at that same luncheon. General Brooke became C.-in-C. Home Forces in July, after being in command of the B.E.F.'s Second Corps*

***£100,000** is the value of the cheque which Lord Southwood signed as Chairman of the Penny-a-Week Fund Committee, and which was paid in to the Lord Mayor's Red Cross and St. John's Fund just before the Fund passed the £3,000,000 mark last week. The Penny-a-Week Fund has brought in £200,000 so far, averages nearly £15,000 a week*

***£100,000** also came into the Lord Mayor's Fund from agriculture. Sir Charles Howell-Thomas, on behalf of the Red Cross Agricultural Fund, handed a cheque for that amount to the Lord Mayor, who had just returned to duty at the Mansion House after his illness. Behind stands the Lady Mayoress*

The "Bystander" visits

The Yugoslav Legation

"Tension in the Balkans"—this familiar phrase, which shouts at us from the headlines with such disturbing frequency, has been a reality to the people of Yugoslavia for years. Within, the Croats and the Slovenes have been pressing for autonomy within the framework of the State—the Croats secured this concession to a considerable degree when the whole of Europe was seething on the eve of the present war. Without, Germany and Italy dominate her northern frontiers, the Nazi-influenced Hungary sits to the north-east, the truncated Rumania to the east. Yugoslavia takes stock of the latest Axis-forced Rumanian carve-up, and looks to her defences and her Army of some 1,500,000 men. Her ties with this country are intimate, and relations are most friendly. Prince Paul, the Regent, has visited London several times with Princess Olga, the Duchess of Kent's sister. In London, the relations of the two countries are watched over by H.E. M. Ivan Subotitch, Yugoslav Minister since 1939, a man of wide experience, whose legal and political knowledge proved invaluable in the framing of his country's economic system. Tension in the Balkans there may be, but neither M. nor Mme. Subotitch allows it to interfere with their hospitality, which, though restricted by the exigencies of war, still delights a wide circle of social, political and artistic friends

The Minister's wife, *Mme. Subotitch, here with him in the garden of their private residence at 41, Grosvenor Street, has many interests of her own. She has written extensively on social, legal and political questions, and was the first woman to become a Doctor of Law at the University of Belgrade. She is also an enthusiastic gardener, an interest which is given full rein at her Surrey home*

Minister in London, *M. Ivan Subotitch, first came over here as Secretary at the Legation. Later, in 1926, he returned as a member of the mission which arranged the terms of the trade treaty between Britain and his country, which is still in operation. Diplomacy and politics apart, M. Subotitch is a connoisseur of wine; he is a Grand Officier d'Ordre de la Confrerie des Chevaliers du Tastevin de Burgoyne, one of the most coveted orders among bon viveurs*

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Swift-moving events *in the Balkans keep the staff of the Legation at 195, Queen's Gate, on the alert. Here are M. Milenkovitch (First Secretary), M. Voutchkovitch (Secretary), and M. Gjurdjvic (Attaché) discussing the latest news*

Lady Louis Mountbatten at Her Sister's Wedding

Lady Louis Mountbatten wore her St. John Ambulance Brigade uniform at the Caxton Hall register office wedding of her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Ashley, to Laurie Gardner, only son of the late Sir Ernest Gardner, and Lady Gardner. Mrs. Laurie is the younger daughter of the late Lord Mount Temple. Her first husband was Capt. Cunningham Reid, M.P.

Sec.-Lieut. Carr Gives an Order

Sec.-Lieut. W. E. Carr is with an A.A. battery the innumerable parts of England where A.A. have plenty to do. He is one of Sir Carr's five sons, and a brother of Lady

People in the Lighter News of the Week

Augustus John at His Daughter's Wedding

Augustus John, R.A., a rose in his buttonhole, went to the Kensington Register Office last week to see his elder daughter, Mrs. Poppet Jackson, married for the second time. Her husband is Sec.-Lieut. Villiers A'Court Bergne, R.A.S.C. A retrospective exhibition of John drawings opens next week at the National Gallery at the same time as the second British Painting Since Whistler show

Gunners Eden and Lynn

In the same A.A. battery as R. J. P. Eden and R. B. Lynn, Gunner Eden is the twenty-year- H. C. H. Eden, and distant cousin

Model Carmen Watson Gets Engaged

Carmen Watson, well-known Botticelli-type artists' model, is engaged to Joseph Hyde. Here he and she look at her portrait by Lord Methuen, for whom she has posed since she was a child, and who is to give her away at her wedding. She has posed at the Slade and the Royal College of Arts, now only takes private engagements

The Hon. David Bowes-Lyon at a Dutch Reception

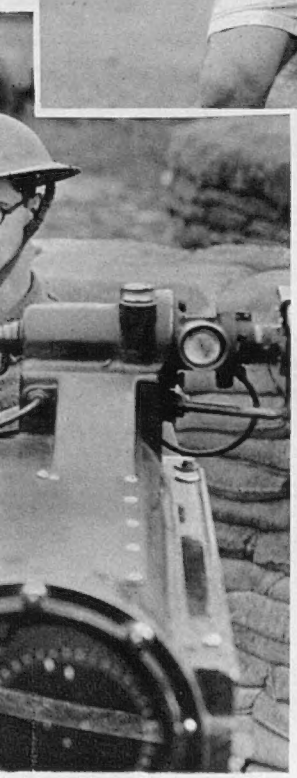
The Queen's youngest brother (centre) was at a reception at the Dorchester given in honour of Queen Wilhelmina's birthday. With him are Paul Rykens, chairman of the Netherlands Day of Freedom Committee, and W. Boas. Mr. Bowes-Lyon is now Press officer to the Ministry of Economic Warfare

Runner Pennington Learns P.T.

Unarmed combat—in which, by various painful devices, you get your man on the ground and keep him there—is one of the sports of Army physical training instructors. Here A. Pennington, the well-known runner (right), learns a trick at first-hand. He is one of the many athletes now in training at an Army P.T. school

Lord Reay Talks of Holland

Lord Reay, who is Chief of the Clan Mackay in Scotland, and Baron Mackay van Ophemert in the Netherlands, was talking to Jonkheer F. Beelaerts van Blokland at the Dorchester reception on the Dutch Queen's birthday. It was given by the Netherlands Publishing Company, of which Mr. Rykens is chairman (see top picture), and which publishes the Dutch newspaper in London



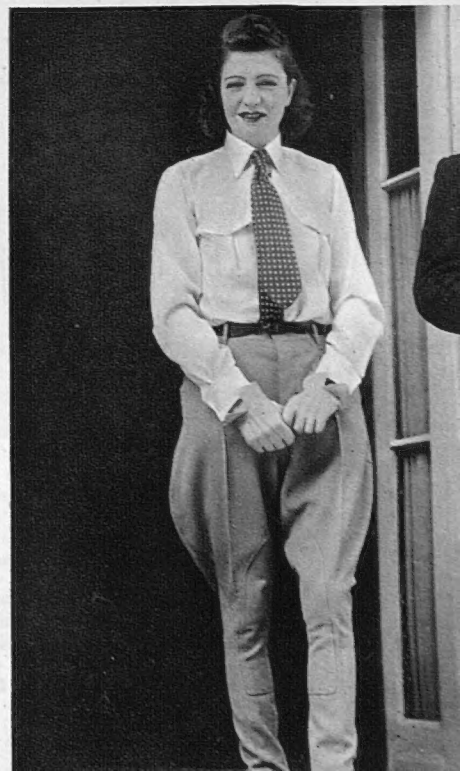
redictor

Carr are Ralph Lynn. Brigadier ster for War

Mary Wyndham Trains for Kenya

Mary Wyndham (below), a debutante of last year, is now a member of the Women's Mechanised Transport Corps unit detailed for ambulance service in Kenya. The fifty-eight drivers and mechanics have just done ten days' intensive training, living in camp under rough conditions, and learning to handle and manhandle their ambulances over all sorts of country and obstacles

Princess Maxhide Learns to Ride



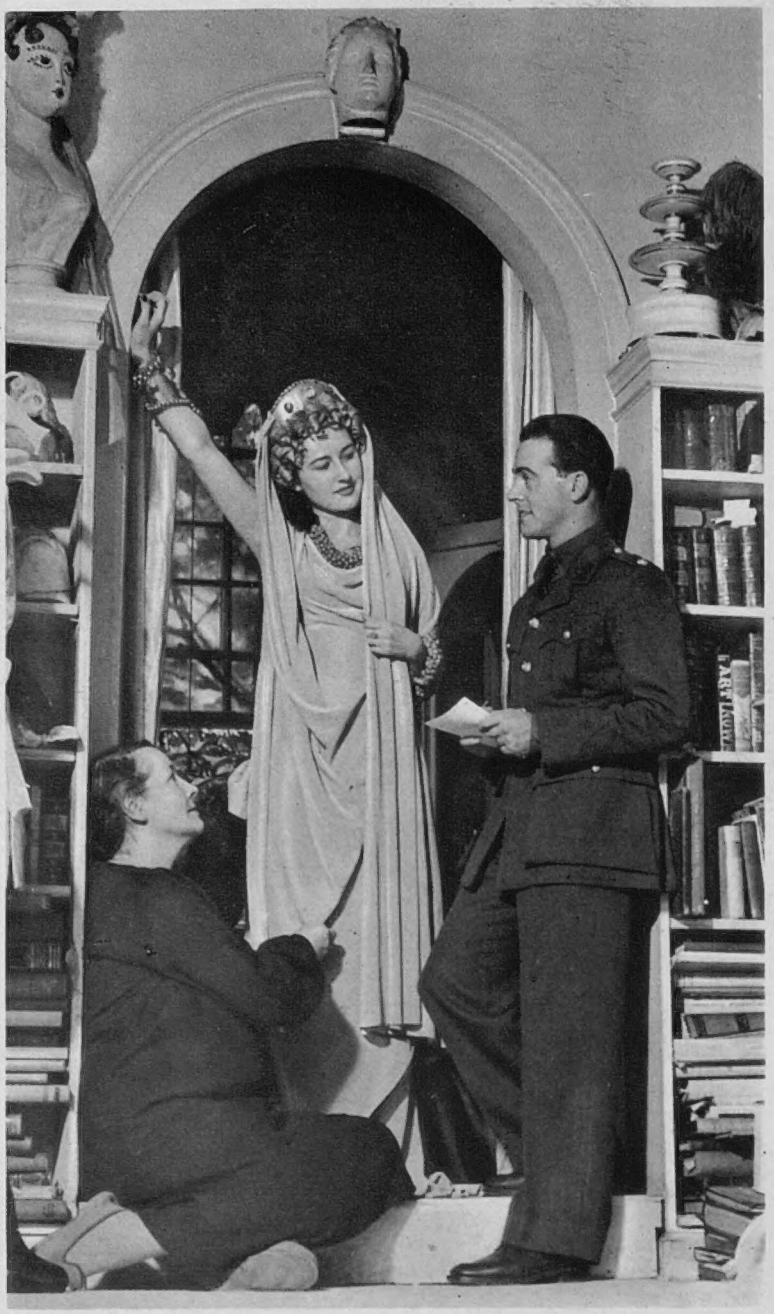
Princess Maxhide of Albania, King Zog's sister, has been taking riding lessons since she came to England with her brother and sister-in-law. On the right she was just off for her first outdoor lesson in Hyde Park. Her teacher is London's most famous riding master, Horace Smith

Dressing a Cocteau Play

Oliver Messel Got Leave to Attend to Last Decor Details of "The Infernal Machine"

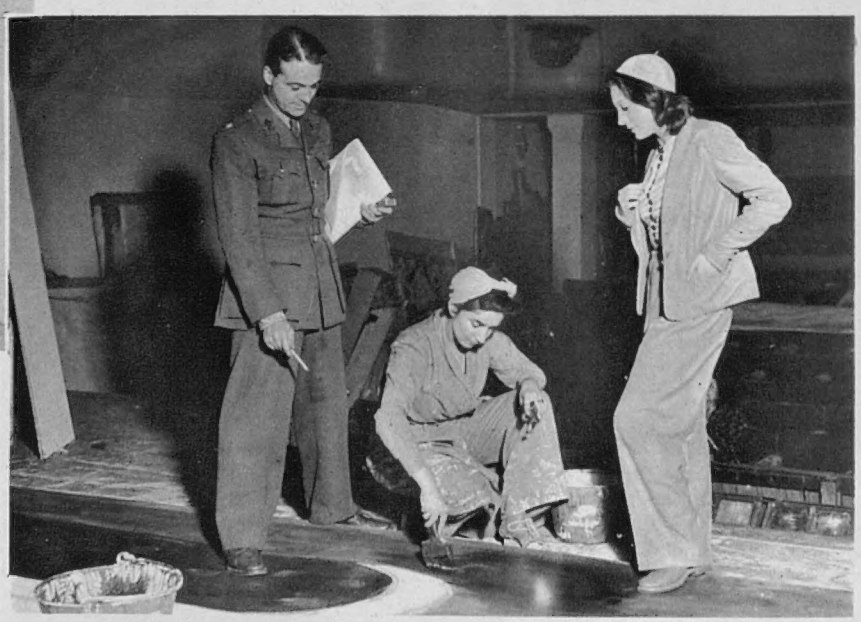
The Infernal Machine, Jean Cocteau's play, as translated by Carl Wildman, had its first night at the Arts Theatre last Thursday. The Œdipus theme is handled by the French dramatist as material for a comedy, and he touches the fringe of tragedy only in the final act. Jeanne de Casalis, superbly cast as Jocasta, understands perfectly, as a Frenchwoman should, the exact blend of artificiality and sincerity necessary to a Cocteau character. But even she cannot hide the fact that some lightness of touch and subtlety of wit were lost when the play left France. Peter Glenville as Œdipus, Leueen Macgrath as the Sphinx, A. Bromley Davenport as Tiresias are the other chief characters. Production, treated in a highly fantastic manner in Paris by Louis Jouvet, is here more realistically but imaginatively handled by Charlotte Frances. And lastly, the beautiful sets and dresses were designed by Oliver Messel. He is now a second-lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, working on camouflage; he had a day's leave to supervise final arrangements, when these pictures were taken, and was in the theatre to hear the applause that greeted his handiwork when the curtain rose on each scene on the first night

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Jocasta's dress *was modelled for her by Miss Kelly, while Mrs. Grace Kelly, who executed the costumes, and Oliver Messel made the last readjustments to its classical draperies. They were photographed in Oliver Messel's studio in Yeoman's Row*

The Sphinx helps Œdipus *with the fixing-on of his greaves before the dress rehearsal. Leueen Macgrath, as the Sphinx, has the most effective part in the play, but appears only in one act. Peter Glenville is the vain, egotistical, petulant young Œdipus*



Oliver Messel *had a few hours' leave a day or two before the play opened to put the finishing touches to scenery and dresses. On the right, he and Charlotte Frances, who produced, watch one of the two scene-painters (Joan Farjeon and Eva Prager) at work*

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"Cornelius" (Westminster)

IN the middle of the second act Mr. Stephen Murray came down to the footlights and informed us that, a warning having just been given, the performance would be suspended for three minutes to allow those who wished to avail themselves of the shelters adjacent to leave the auditorium. Nobody, however, stirred until the end of the show, when, the raid still being on, Mr. Murray announced that those who wished to remain in the theatre were at liberty to do so—whereupon out the audience went into the street and so home. Among those who acted in this manner was the present writer, fortified by certain calculations made by his never inaccurate brother on the chances of survival. These calculations reveal that if, over the space of one year, there were raids every day over this island resulting in one hundred casualties, your personal chance of being a casualty during the year would be 1 in 1200. In other words, if such raids had started in the reign of King Alfred and had gone on ever since, a Briton born in that reign wouldn't be due to be a casualty yet. Though I regret to say that he would by this time almost certainly, by the law of averages, have died a natural death.

THE London Mask Theatre must be complimented for reviving, in these times of theatrical frivol, Mr. Priestley's Galsworthian play on unemployment, economic decay, and the end of an old firm. There is a great deal of humanity in it, although this humanity is sometimes marred by theatrical trickery. The ending of each act with the same words is an idea which would be more effective in a less realistic piece of work. The return of the long-absent partner in a state of dementia is a good sensation, but it seems to have been put in for its sensational value. He does not need to be mad to commit suicide—but Mr. Wooland's acting of the part is so good that we should be sorry to lose it. The piece is, indeed, so well acted throughout as to recall the Barker days, to which the play might well have belonged. Only, perhaps, in the case of Mr. Murray himself is there a disappointment, for Cornelius should be a bit of an odd fish, as Mr. Ralph Richardson originally made him. Whereas Mr. Murray is too straightforward and M.C.C. Eccentricity plays no part in his composition.

HENRY CASS, the producer, as well as the actors themselves, is to be congratulated on some beautiful performances of the old clerk by Mr. Max Adrian, the office-boy by Mr. Derek Bogaerde, the plain amanuensis by Miss Ann Wilton, and the pretty amanuensis by Miss Jenny Laird, with others, as they say in the stamp-packet advertisements, "too numerous to mention." Miss Laird, if she is to play a typist, should, however, learn to type. No actress on the stage seems to have mastered this by no means complicated art. I suggest that it should be included in the curriculum at the R.A.D.A. Surely it is more important on the stage nowadays than, shall we say, fencing?

Loyal and lovesick: Miss Porrin (Ann Wilton)

Sketches by Stampa

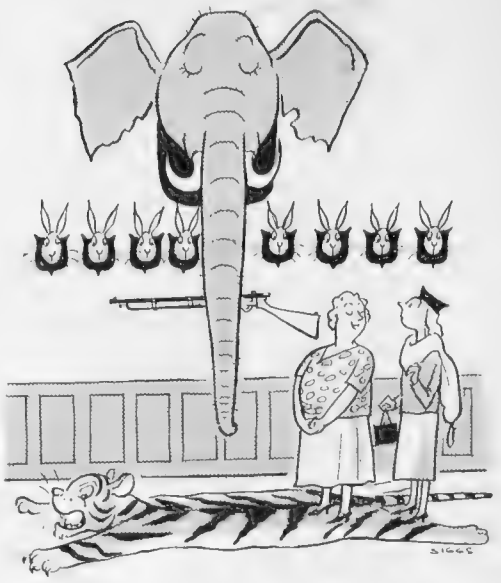
Artist's note on the creditors: of those unavoidably omitted from this group it is only fair to say that they were not in any way less attractive to meet

Facing his creditors: Cornelius (Stephen Murray)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis



" Fifteen years in India and a fortnight in the Home Guard, dear "

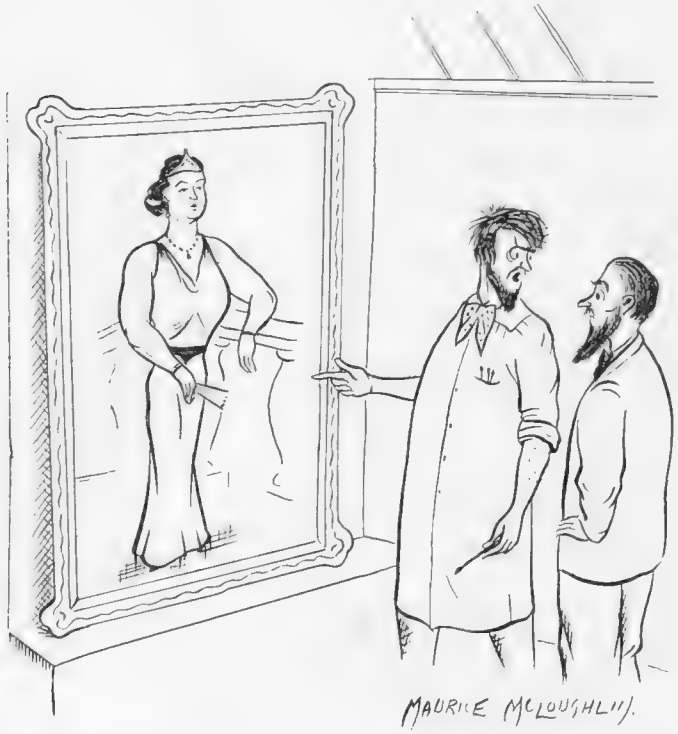
SELDOM does a coup d'état turn out to be so satisfying, humanly speaking, as the recent affair at Brazzaville, in French Equatorial Africa. Nine times out of ten, as any student of history is aware, it 's a matter of coldly polite formulæ exchanged between one set of gentlemen in frock-coats and another set of gentlemen in frock-coats, after which frigid bows are exchanged and one set of gentlemen in frock-coats is given the air in a dignified manner. At Brazzaville there was a rough house, even decorous old Uncle Reuter licking his chops as he recorded that when De Gaulle's officers announced their decision " the Governor-General and the Administrator replied by expressing their loyalty to the men of Vichy, and both, after a short struggle, were arrested." In other words, a brawl ; not a nasty one, because Governor-Generals and other portly dignitaries do not wade into their opponents like booksy girls, tooth and nail, but still a brawl. People were pushed round a bit. Force was used. Voices were raised. The French equivalents of " Ouch ! " and " Damn you ! " and " Oh, my foot ! " and " Lemme go ! " conceivably impinged on the equatorial air. It 's as if one of those dreary official portraits of high personages in well-stuffed uniforms signing treaties, like waxworks, came suddenly alive and they began punching each other.

A thoroughly nice human incident, in our degraded view, and we wish there were more of them to enliven the history-books. For example, if some M.P. had had the guts to hit Cromwell on his bulbous snozzle during that take-away-this-bauble business, or if some desperate Jacobin had suddenly tapped the claret of the Directory on the night of the 18th Fructidor, or if somebody had begun to wrestle on the carpet with the Citizen King when he scooped the pool that evening in 1830, the words " coup d'état " would have assumed a more literal and a pleasanter meaning. It 's our belief, speaking broadly and generally, that every political stuffed-shirt in high places should have a sock on the jaw unexpectedly now and again, just to remind him that he is but dust. The huge, massive, dumb, self-satisfied, hideous features of one ex-master of our destinies at least swim before our dazzled mind's-eye as we write.

Chums

No fund seems yet to have been started by the emotional aunties to set those two Maeterlinckian blue birds up in life, we notice, poring carefully over the American papers. You may remember that when Slogger Maeterlinck landed recently in New York, he was rather archly accompanied by two blue birds, which the U.S. immigration authorities refused to admit, America not being much in need of happiness at that moment. Whether the birdies—said by some lewd scribbler in the London Press to be named after Maeterlinck's favourite characters in fiction, Inskip and Simon—are still in a cage on Ellis Island, twittering feebly and looking round for Mytyl and Tyltyl, we can't discover. Their arrival at New York, by an odd chance, coincided with the release of that Hollywood film of *The Blue Bird*, featuring Dame Shirley Temple, which threw our film critic, poor Mr. Campbell, into such a high state of torpor that it seemed to contradict Mytyl's famous claim that There Is No Death. (We had our own first misgivings about the truth of Mytyl's statement, actually, when we attended the first night of *The Blue Bird* at the Haymarket all those years ago, the first three rows of stalls having obviously been dead for many years, though the pit and gallery swam in noisy tears. For ourselves, that kind of naïve or Woolworth mysticism—compare *Outward Bound*, just revived—merely gives us nose-bleed, despite Norman O'Neill's delicious music. However—.)

What interests us principally now in Maeterlinck's birdie chums, wherever they are, is that they introduce a special symbolism of great publicity-value into the booksy racket which, we bet, has not escaped notice in P.E.N. Club circles. If you met Maeterlinck in the street accompanied by two blue birds you 'd probably rush straightway — wouldn't you ?—into an adjacent bookshop and say, " I 've just seen a well-known chap who writes about small exotic birds—I forget his name—and I want one of his books immediately." The obliging shopman would then sell you a copy of *Little Women* and you would be considerably the gainer. Barring such slight and natural errors, those of the boys and girls in a position to adapt the Maeterlinck idea could very easily impress their trade-mark on the soft, waxy public mind and send up sales. Mr. Milne, for example, always carrying round a teddy-bear, Mr. Nichols a whacking big bunch of gladioli. Soon in the halls of the publishers brutal voices would be heard crying, " Here 's a stuffed parrot—buzz off and write a book called *The Stuffed Parrot*, see ? And I want the dope next week, see ? " This is not really a new idea, of course. Mr. Crummles thought of it first.



" —Then, when I was half-finished, she went on a diet "

Rap

THE death in exile the other day of the Duc de Guise, de jure King of France, gave some of the Fleet Street boys another opportunity of warning the French that they must on no account restore the monarchy. Fleet Street has severe views on this matter, as also on the Spanish Constitution, and we gather that if the French and the Spaniards prefer stubbornly to please themselves, they 'll get hell from their astounded mentors. Does it never strike you as odd that a monarchy should be good for us British but not for other people with a monarchical tradition just as old,

or even older? Maybe it's the word "Pretender" which upsets the boys. It has—has it not?—a connotation of deceit and falsity which is highly distressing to journalists, whereas people who think it simply means "claimant" are not perturbed.

Anyhow, it may be that Fleet Street is in for a jolt. Royalism in France, now that the Third Republic has foundered in a stench of corruption, inefficiency and defeatism, must inevitably attract more attention than it did. Up to the present war the Action Française boys were a bit of a noisy joke to the average Frenchman, long before Pius X. interdicted them for trying to exploit the Church, and the movement seemed to any impartial observer a trifle too closely associated with the provincial petite noblesse and the Sorbonne student-gangs to appeal to the mass of the citizenry. But now the Republic has gone down in a blaze of dishonour it may be that many more patriotic Frenchmen are asking themselves if the Monarchy which made France great for a thousand years might not be capable even now of pulling her out of the mud. And if a sufficient number of Frenchmen decide that the Monarchy is so capable, what the hell—as Auntie *Times* would say—has it got to do with our suburban Prodnoses? We don't mean the Left Wingers who simply want France to go Communist, so much as the woolly boys with no convictions one way or the other who keep bleating and nagging about 1793 and fuddle themselves grossly with words, a common complaint in these islands and the especial affliction (now we're on the topic) of the kindly but unfortunate Welch, who can get reeling tight on empty rhetoric in five minutes. Almost any word of six syllables ending in "-ion" is the equivalent, as all demagogues know, of a sizeable tot of aguardiente, the stuff which sends Mexicans amok in the hot season. The marvel is that more careerists don't exploit this royal road to wealth, and you can quote us as saying it.

Welcome

"I WANT a cigarette and a cup of tea," were a German airman's first directions to his Home Guard captors a few days ago, a little time before a British airman was deliberately gunned by three Messerschmitts as he was baling out over a Southern village. The Boche duly got his cigarette and tea, and was then photographed with his smiling escort for the Press. Had he demanded a whisky and soda, no doubt some Mrs. Cosy Comfort would have rushed with it from an adjacent house, as happened recently. Before long Goering will be playing hell, we dare predict, because travelling cocktail-bars served by Society hostesses are not instantly rushed to spots where his bombers come down after blasting a few British civilians and their offspring to bits. It's so typical of the Great Soft Centre to fuss over the Boche that there are times when some despairing citizens must almost feel that Slogger Kipling was right in a way. You remember that tale of his called *Mary Postgate*, described some time ago by the Slogger's relative, Oliver Baldwin, as the vilest in the English language? Mary Postgate is a spinster who finds a German airman dying of a broken back in the shrubbery soon after he has bombed a village and killed a child, and Miss Postgate coldly lets him get on with it, which is plainly a totally un-Christian act, even taking into account Miss Postgate's feelings at the time. On the other hand, we doubt—subject to correction by theologians—if charity at its warmest involves going to the other extreme and yearning over the Blond Beast as if he were a prize Pekingese.

The Good Samaritan, having tended the robbers' victim, would presumably have given first-aid as well to any wounded robber who might have been lying around, but we doubt strongly if he'd have ordered a slap-up dinner and best bedroom in the inn for the stricken thug.

Mode

HAVING abolished the braces of the Sam Browne during that temporary rush of democracy and Bohemianism to the head a year or two ago, the War Office is now restoring them, on the grounds that a revolver suspended from an unbraced belt makes it sag in an unsightly fashion, which anybody could have told the W.O. beforehand. Whether the unbraced Sam Browne really was coeval with or a product of an unforgettable régime we don't strictly remember, but anyway it is symbolic and evocative enough of that glimpse of Fairyland which the censorious "Cato" somehow forgot to mention—even in an admiring footnote—in his recent book on politicians ripe for the high jump, a chap who has read it was telling us. In fact, it suggests a genial Don't-call-me-Colonel-old-boy-call-me-Laddie atmosphere which chimes sweetly enough with that Little Mother business which drove sensitive professional soldiers crazy. A colonel with a sagging belt would find himself inevitably singing his troops to sleep before long, we imagine, just as—sahibs assure us—if you leave off that nightly dinner-jacket in the Bush just once, you find yourself prowling on all-fours a week later, gobbling human flesh. However, the Sam Browne has now got its braces back, some of the troops have been instructed to wear their gaiters, and the A.P.M.s breathe freely again. They never really liked that period of gipsy love, one of them was telling us.

Now Romance is over, the Army is resuming its former costume, and they do say that, before long, officers may even be seen wearing gloves again, as in the stern old-fashioned days of 1914-18, or was it the Crimea? Gloves! And if you look up those faded yellow photographs, beautifully pressed and turned-up slacks as well. How quaint!

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Have you got the women conductors here yet?"

Films of the Day

Another Scientific Discovery Finely Filmed

By George Campbell

WHEN the screen learned to talk, it lost something in glamour—not inevitably, but simply because most of the dialogue was banal, and most of the established players couldn't talk. In other respects it gained immeasurably. It became, for the first time, a suitable medium for ideas. Without the imbecilities of *The Singing Fool* we should never have had *The Story of Louis Pasteur*, or *Arrowsmith*, or *Yellow Jack*, or—best of all, perhaps—*The Magic Bullet*, in which the brothers Warner now give us a life of Paul Ehrlich.

The Magic Bullet is a film to revive one's faith in the future of the screen. You will find here no cheap romance, no boy-meets-girl formula. The only formulæ are the formulæ of the laboratory: the action is mainly the action of the mind, as the scientist and his research workers hunt down the enemies of mankind as bravely, as patiently, and as excitingly, as any detective ever hunted down a Dillinger or a Ripper.

Like Einstein and Freud, Mendelssohn and Heine, Ehrlich was a Jew; but since he had the good fortune to die in 1915, the film is happily not concerned with Nazi horrors. What difficulties Ehrlich encountered were put in his way by fellow-scientists. Like Pasteur and Lister, he ran up against a wall of prejudice and distrust, and when the injudicious use of his "606" caused thirty-eight deaths, the storm broke, a jealous rival libelled him as a murderer, and there was a court case which gives the director of the film a chance for a dramatic reconciliation between Ehrlich and a former friend which probably took place, if it took place at all, elsewhere.

THE theme is the same as in the other medical films I mentioned: the scientist's noble, unremitting quest of truth, regardless of risk or reward. Even scientifically much of his research may have little or no immediate value, and one can understand the feelings of the hospital committee, good, honest business and professional men, on being informed that Ehrlich proposes to keep a large laboratory staff busy for some years injecting diseases into mice. Even when assured that the ultimate purpose is to cure mice they are not comforted. They don't like mice, anyway. Of what use to explain to a committee, or even to the Prussian head of the hospital, that Ehrlich's experiments with aniline dyes have made it possible to stain germs? So what? So that Koch's tubercle bacillus may be readily identifiable, and consumption promptly diagnosed and treated. Ah, that's different, says the business man. Why didn't you say so in the first place? And it doesn't help the scientist to reply that he doesn't always know himself what shape his work will finally take.

Even Ehrlich's most sympathetic colleagues—the great Koch, for instance—are a little taken aback when they give him an up-to-date laboratory for more experiments with aniline dyes, and he announces that he now wants to work on snakes. And when a study of snake-bite reveals the reason for the immunity conferred by repeated doses of venom, he passes on to another and greater scourge—syphilis. Incidentally, where could you find a more striking proof of the screen's advance than the courageous treatment of this subject? There is no attempt in *The Magic Bullet* to seek refuge in old-maidish evasions like "a social disease," as some of the newspapers still do. The film faces the difficulty boldly yet prosaically, like Dr. Ehrlich at the dinner-party. What, asks another guest, is he working on now? "Syphilis," he says cheerfully. There is a gasp of astonishment and dismay. "Did you say . . . ?" They cannot bring themselves to utter the taboo word, any more than an Australian aborigine will look on certain categories of females. "Yes," says the doctor. "That 's what he said!" nods the rich old hostess; and she promptly decides that research by a man with so much courage is worth endowing.

"THE MAGIC BULLET" is finely directed by William Dieterle, and quite brilliantly acted. I have never seen Edward G. Robinson so good before, and amongst a score more convincing performances there is one I shall remember always—Albert Basserman's Koch. Herr Basserman, until the Nazis came, was probably Germany's greatest actor, holder of the Iffland Ring for acting, famous for interpretations ranging from Othello to Oscar Wilde. It happened that his wife was Jewish. Emil Jannings, whose father was a Jew and mother an Aryan, is said to have resorted to the charming defence offered by General Milch—the claim that his mother had an Aryan lover. Basserman, the un-German swine, refused to take any action against his wife at all. He took her to Vienna. When the great Jewish actor Moissi died, after being hounded out of Berlin, Basserman delivered a funeral oration as magnificent as Anatole France's over Zola, and, concluding with the words "Acting in Germany died with you," threw his Iffland Ring into the grave.

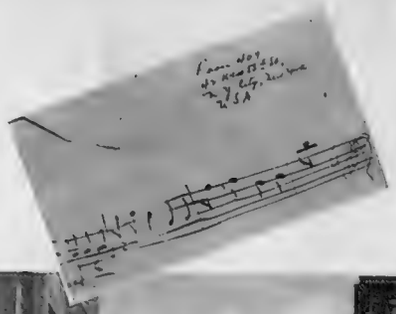
OF the other new films, *The Fall of a Tyrant* (a Czech version of a play by Karel Capek) is sincere, but slow; *Forty Little Mothers* is a bath of sentiment with Eddie Cantor; and *Tom Brown's Schooldays* is astonishing for the number of things it leaves out, and for the fact that one of the Dead End Kids is now at Rugby. A weedy but likeable little boy, of whom I had never heard, plays the whiskered Tom, captain of the school; and Sir Cedric Hardwicke is Dr. Arnold, battling hard with liars and bullies amongst the boys, and simple-minded masters of the old school.

***Dr. Arnold,** most celebrated schoolmaster of English literature, is played by Sir Cedric Hardwicke in the Hollywood production of "Tom Brown's Schooldays." Josephine Hutchinson portrays his devoted wife. The film was under the direction of Britisher Robert Stevenson. It is now showing at the New Gallery. Mr. Campbell comments on it on this page*

***Tom Brown,** his trials and tribulations, are experienced by Jimmy Lydon in the title-role. Freddie Bartholomew (on left) plays the part of East, the friend who was misunderstood. Flashman, the bully, is none other than Billy Halop, of "Dead End" fame . . . an intriguing mixture*

A Great Doctor on the Screen

Edward G. Robinson, art-loving film star from Bucharest, who has made his reputation largely in gangster stories, has now given the performance of his life as an elderly German scientist. In *Magic Bullet* (a misleading name for Robinson's crook-film fans) he plays Dr. Paul Ehrlich, the man who discovered the cure for syphilis. Directed by William Dieterle, photographed by James Wong Howe, this film, among pictures of its kind, has been placed higher even than *The Story of Louis Pasteur* (Paul Muni) by most critics, including our own who writes of it on the opposite page. Ehrlich's wife, with him above, is excellently played by Ruth Gordon, a well-known Broadway actress, who makes her screen debut in this part. (She came to England four years ago to appear in *The Country Wife* at the Old Vic.) *Magic Bullet* went to the Warner Theatre ten days ago



Sherwin: *"You can see Berkeley Square from here"*
Maschwitz: *"Close enough to hear the birds sing. You might even hear a nightingale some night." This idea haunted Sherwin; then the first notes of "Nightingale" were heard in a bus and jotted down on the back of an envelope*

Why the Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square

Photographs by Kosmos

"A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square" is what Tin Pan Alley describes as a "pop" number of the year (this means a smash-hit). It is by American song-writer Manning Sherwin, who likes London so much that he is staying on at his studio in Bruton Mews in spite of the Blitzkrieg. He has been here for more than two years and in this time he has done a good deal, including the entire score for *Sitting Pretty*, a Firth Shephard revue which was stopped by the outbreak of war, and several film numbers. Sherwin is no routine worker; he gets his ideas in fits and starts. Buses and beds are his inspiration. He never sleeps without a sheet of MS. beside him. Telephones, too, are helpful. He uses numbers to form phrases, the notes being numbered 1 to 10 from C to higher E, so if a friend's number is 8266 the translation is C D A A. There might be the germs of a new hit in that sequence. Sherwin likes to work cheek-by-jowl with the man who is writing the lyric. "Words and music must blend harmoniously," he says. "The lyric must tell an original story in the small space of thirty-two bars and at the same time it must have an understanding of the psychology of the moment." In Eric Maschwitz he found the perfect collaborator, for Maschwitz (internationally famed as lyric-writer for *These Foolish Things*) not only gave him the idea but wrote the lyric for him and then put the number into *New Faces*

"Listen to this, Eric!" *Back from his bus ride, Sherwin had set to work; the first scribbled bars took definite shape on the MS. Then he rang up Maschwitz*

Alone we did it! *Sherwin and Maschwitz were delighted with their latest prodigy. Maschwitz put it straight into "New Faces," and that delicious young woman, Judy Campbell, sang it*

The piano *is not an essential part of Sherwin's inspiration. Very often he doesn't play a note until the tune has taken shape on any scraps of paper that happen to be within reach*

"Sherwin—it's a cinch!" said Maschwitz as the lilting melody came over the wire. Now it was up to him to write a lyric to suit the tune

Man and beast relax: *Sherwin has been playing squash on the private court attached to the studio, but Dizzy is tired out of sheer habit*

The Berkeley Square nightingale *has been pretty hard worked—there have already been fourteen different recordings, and Sherwin has them all in his collection. Jerome Kern, Puccini and Wagner are his favourite composers*

Social occasion: *Adele Dixon has sung several of the best Sherwin numbers in West End shows. They rehearse at the studio and then it's tea-time on the roof garden*

Governor of Hawaii *in the last Deanna Durbin film, "It's a Date," Eugene Pallette's part did not bring him sufficiently to the front of the picture to please his many fans, but he contributed his usual vein of rich comedy to broaden a rather feathery piece of sentiment. The film, which is made by Joe Pasternak for Universal, was generally released last week*

French plutocrat *in Columbia's "He Stayed for Bre Pallette's most recent part. There is plenty of fun in h ment with a radically-minded waiter played by Melvyn Also in the cast are Loretta Young and Alan Marsh Stayed for Breakfast" has not yet arrived in Eng has had an enthusiastic reception at its American*

Political racketeer *Chick McGann in Columbia's "Mr. Smith Went to Washington" was one of Pallette's less important recent parts, though the film itself, directed by Frank Capra, is one of the best that have come out of Hollywood this year. Black eye, a present from clean-up crusader James Stewart, and lively slumberwear are symptomatic of the more or less slapstick parts Pallette has been getting since he put on weight*

Thirty Years a Star

Eugene Pallette Announces His Retiremen

One hardly thinks of Eugene Pallette, nowadays at least, as th sort of film star whose photograph adorns the dressing-tables infatuated schoolgirls. But there was a time. For Pallette is th true veteran of Hollywood, where he has been in films since 191 one year before Wallace Beery and two before Chaplin. And in hi early screen days he was a nine-stone stripling, Norma Talmadge handsome leading man. In the intervening years his "tonnage has doubled and his place in the film hierarchy altered. But suc is his acting ability that in all these years of free-lancing round th major studios he has been constantly busy, and his name in a cas has been a steady guarantee that one part at least in that fil is well played. Born backstage during a touring company's per formance of *East Lynne*, Pallette started life as a touring acto himself. The company, as such companies will, went broke and he was a tram conductor in Los Angeles when the new that movies were starting along the coast took him into the caree he has followed ever since. There has been only one break during the war, when he served as an aviator. And now, afte making two more films, he is, at the age of fifty-one, to retir

Train conductor *in M.-G.-M.'s "Young Tom Edison" is Pallette's current West End part. He gives the young inventor, played by Mickey Rooney, his first job, selling fruit and sweets on his train, but puts him off when he starts scientific experiments in the baggage-car. Another of Edison's unorthodox enterprises is the establishment of a printing press in the baggage-car to produce a newspaper for travellers*

Millionaire castle-buyer *in "The Ghost Goes West," Pallette came to England to work under René Clair. With him is Robert Donat as the young Scottish laird whose ancestor's ghost (also played by Donat) disturbed the castle's tranquillity both on its native heath and when Pallette had had it transported stone by stone across the Atlantic and re-erected in Florida*

Spit and Polish: a "Tins" Batman

Trooper S. W. Saunders squints down the barrel of the revolver he is cleaning for "my officer." War means a bit less bother with full dress and mess kit, but from the point of view of Trooper Saunders this is balanced by the fact that he has two officers to look after instead of the peacetime one. As a matter of fact, this is Saunders' war-work rather than his normal avocation, for after eight years of service with the "Tins" he came out of the Army in 1929, and from then to the outbreak of war worked as a bank messenger in the City. Being on the Army reserve, he went last autumn back to his old regiment to take on his present job, even less of a sinecure in the Life Guards than in regiments which do not pride themselves so much on dressiness as the Household Cavalry. Stuck in the ground between his knees is the sword, emblem of the British Army's dogged adherence to traditional regalia, on the wall "battle bowlers," emblem of the grimmer and less picturesque warfare of to-day

Old Bill and Co.: By Bruce Bairnsfather

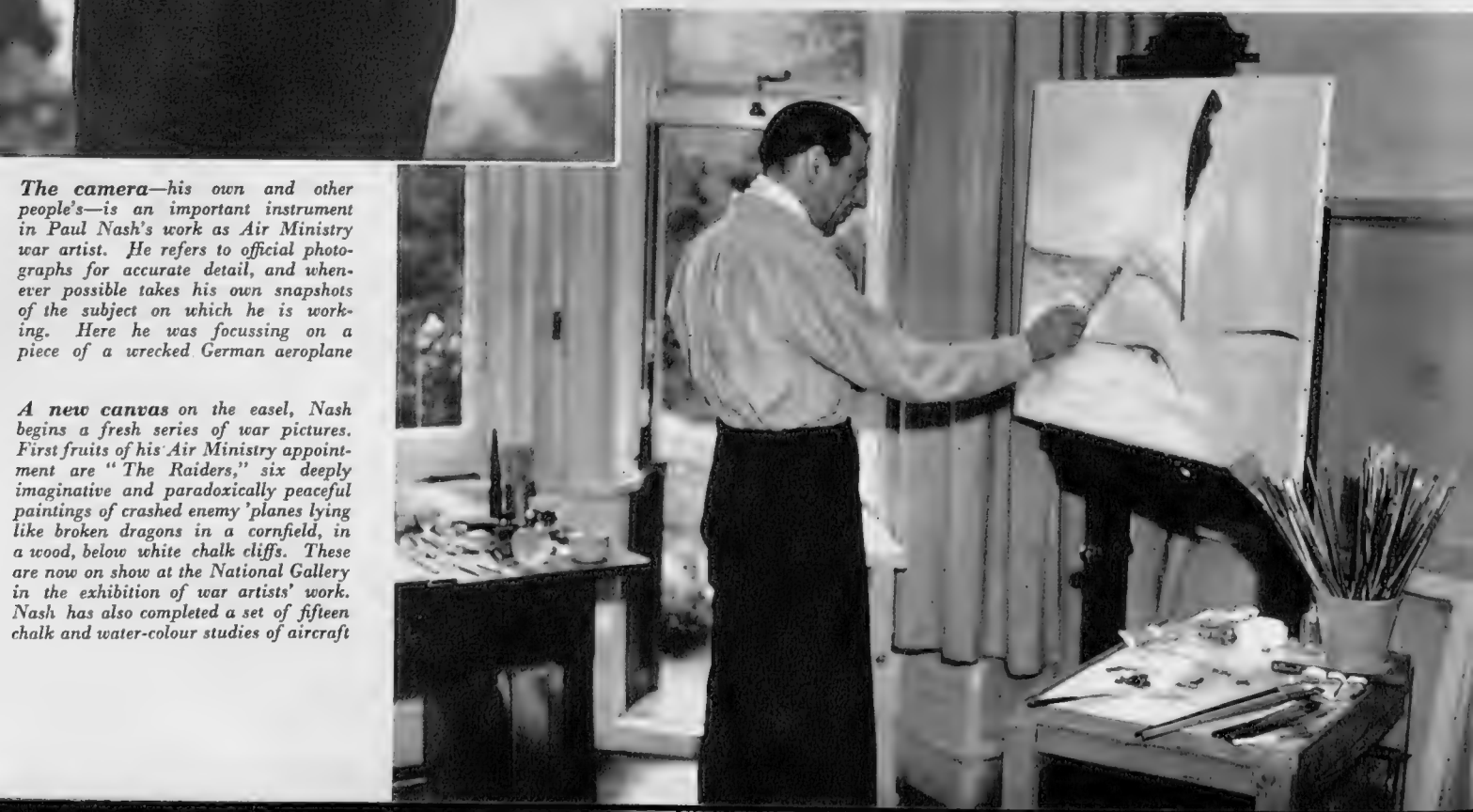
"So yer still don't quite believe in staircases, eh?"

Air Artist

Paul Nash at His Oxford Home

***Mrs. Nash** is the daughter of a clergyman, and married her artist husband in 1914. They used to live in Hampstead, have now moved to Oxford*

Paul Nash is one of the two artists chosen for salaried posts as official war artists to the Air Ministry. (His colleague is Keith Henderson.) In the last war he was sent to the Western Front as war artist in 1917, after three years' service in the Army, and then painted what is probably his most widely known work, "Menin Road," now in the Imperial War Museum. His war experience greatly influenced the course of his development as a landscape painter preoccupied with problems of structure and simplification. The empty desolation of a countryside of shattered trees and ruined houses, the irrelevance of the strewn wreckage, the sombre, livid colouring—here already is a strong suggestion of surrealist atmosphere. By the mid-thirties, Paul Nash had become the most important English representative of the Surrealist school, helped organise the International Surrealist Exhibition in London in 1936, and exhibited in the Paris Surrealist show in 1938. In the same year he held his own most recent one-man exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. Paul Nash is a natural propagandist for his art: for Surrealism he has televised, lectured, written articles, made a gramophone record; for art in industry he has worked as president of the Society of Industrial Artists; for art in wartime he is serving on the committee of the Central Institute of Art and Design set up last autumn, and, on behalf of all kinds of creative artists, on the Art and Entertainment Emergency Council



***The camera**—his own and other people's—is an important instrument in Paul Nash's work as Air Ministry war artist. He refers to official photographs for accurate detail, and whenever possible takes his own snapshots of the subject on which he is working. Here he was focussing on a piece of a wrecked German aeroplane*

***A new canvas** on the easel, Nash begins a fresh series of war pictures. First fruits of his Air Ministry appointment are "The Raiders," six deeply imaginative and paradoxically peaceful paintings of crashed enemy 'planes lying like broken dragons in a cornfield, in a wood, below white chalk cliffs. These are now on show at the National Gallery in the exhibition of war artists' work. Nash has also completed a set of fifteen chalk and water-colour studies of aircraft*

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Diary of an Income-Tax Payer

By V. S. Pritchett

A LITTLE mass-observation done on the index of *Ego No. 4* (Harrap; 18*s.*) shows that Balzac, Sarah Bernhardt, Beethoven, Marie Felicia Malibran and the caustic brother Edward are still Mr. James Agate's chief preoccupations. Hitler, Ibsen and Sir Hugh Walpole don't do so badly either. The delightful *Contes Scabreux*, or stories which are seen but not heard; continue to salt the text and enliven the theatrical padding. The diary covers the period 1938-1940, and Mr. Agate has had the courage to leave in some of his less happy political reflections—for example, one we all made about what the Polish cavalry were going to do. I wonder if the large number of writers who have been keeping diaries since the war will touch up their more fatuous entries afterwards. Mr. Agate, one gathers, is a hard-working man who keeps ponies and irregular hours, prefers beer rather than Toscanini with his Beethoven, is usually in trouble with the Inland Revenue and makes an enormous income out of a constant and acquisitive wit. He is a connoisseur of other people's sayings: "It 's that neat and graceful little twirp Mozart I can't abide," says a fellow-critic, a remark which goes straight into my Chamber of Horrors. On the theatre, Mr. Agate pads too much for my taste. Nothing bores me so much as accounts of actors, actresses, and singers I have not heard, in plays I do not want to see. "The" profession, on the other hand, likes this kind of thing—

> Jock, who supped last night with John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson, asked me to guess what was the one thing the actor who goes to the front decides shall not perish. His bibelots and bric-à-brac, his Mathew Smiths, and his porcelain, all these may go up in smoke—excuse the wartime metaphor!—but not his uniquely valuable possession, his book of old Press notices.

Actually, Mr. Agate's thumb-nail portraits of odd actors—the stammerer is a good example—interested me more than his afterthought about the theatre. Diaries ought to be about people, not about shop. On which—and despite Mr. Arthur Bryant—compare the amorous with the nautical Pepys. Mr. Agate's personalities are pleasantly on the edge of libel—

> Of a six-foot-four figure whom we saw striding along Regent Street this afternoon, Jock said, "Dante without the poetry; Irving without the mystery; Mephistopheles without the fun." It was Sir John Reith.

and the anecdotage is brief, lively, and mixed—

> L. was having lunch at the Ritz one day. At the next table were Mrs. Langtry and a little mummified brown man with sandy hair, who was wearing beautiful clothes one size too large for him, so that he looked like a tortoise in a shell. L. was wondering what the Jersey Lily was doing with such a dull companion, when the little man suddenly said in a loud voice, "Do you remember the great day when I shot the peacock and you put it in Oscar's bed?"

Ego. No. 4 is the mixture as before, and it is a good mixture. I hope the Inland Revenue enjoy it; they deserve to get something out of Mr. Agate, if only pleasure.

MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE'S weathercock has nearly turned full circle. *West to North* (Chatto and Windus; 9*s.* 6*d.*) adds a new set of cyclones and anti-cyclones to the ambitious piece of social, political and human meteorology which he has called *The Four Winds of Love*. John Ogilvie, the successful dramatist who had married the American Athene Longridge, is now seen arguing post-war and particularly Irish politics with his father, the Judge; then, becoming a father himself, visiting his parents-in-law in the States, helping a misguided young friend who has been preaching sedition in the Army, through his trial and flattening a Secret Service officer in the process. There are some grim, terse Irish scenes of the Black-and-Tan period. In Italy (for Ogilvie is a traveller), he meets Fascism and Fascism strikes at Prudence, his sister. A criticism, which Mr. Mackenzie anticipated in a foreword, at once arises in the drawing of John Ogilvie. His political opinions, his prophecies, his general Cassandra-ism, do seem to have the unfair advantage of being written after the event, and not before it. It is important that when novelists write about politics, they should allow their characters to be wrong; infallibility, delightful in the Press, is fatal in the novel. With the general argument that the young men who came out of the last war were kept out of power and driven to helplessness and impotence by the older generation who were still sitting on the goods afterwards, it is impossible not to agree, and Mr. Mackenzie conducts the argument passionately, romantically, eloquently. In a long novel of this kind the characters tend to become featureless the farther they get from their starting-point. But Mr. Compton Mackenzie writes with speed, his scenes change rapidly, the interest is always on the move. The picture of post-war England, with its squandermania, the Slough Scandal, and the minor wars we have almost forgotten, is a vivid one.

"The vicar has such a marvellous sense of sin"

SCIPIO'S 100,000,000 *Allies—If We Choose* (Gollancz; 2*s.* 6*d.*) is a book which ought to be in the hands of everyone who is thinking seriously about our conduct of the war. It is a devastating account of the difference between Hitler's war and the war as it is conceived by our own ruling class. We can have those hundred million allies, the European enemies of Fascism—Scipio's argument runs—if we, too, revolutionise our conception of the European order and make something to offer. The B.B.C. is too suburban in mind and accent, Scipio says; the present personnel of the Foreign Office is hardly likely to understand how to create Fifth Columnists in the occupied territories. The chapters on the Fifth Column are particularly important; the mass of people in this country have no idea of how or why a Fifth Column is born. Scipio's is an indignant, intelligent and disturbing book, the sort of depth-charge we very badly need—

> Either we prosecute this war according to the rules of 1918, or we accept, not merely for this department or that, but as the central principle of our strategy, the idea of European revolution. In the former case, after a couple of years of fruitless war, after appalling privations and possibly one or two costly campaigns, we should find ourselves bogged. . . . On the Left a growing demand for violent revolution would meet with answering violence from the Government; on the Right would appear an influential, but inconspicuous, peace party which would whisper that the war must stop if Bolshevism is to be avoided. In the middle would be the great mass of decent, patriotic English men and women anxious to keep the Nazis out, scared of violent revolution, disillusioned by the failure of their leaders to defeat Hitler. That is the moment Hitler dreams of.

"HAMLET" has been done in modern dress; now Mr. James Branch Cabell puts the cast on in its underclothes. *Hamlet Had an Uncle* (The Bodley Head; 7*s.* 6*d.*) may be called variations on the breaking of the Seventh Commandment in lewd and ancient Jutland.

NOVELS recommended: *The Cameleon's Dish*. By Roland Pertwee. (Peter Davies; 8*s.* 6*d.*)

The Earthly Paradise. By C. S. Forrester. (Michael Joseph; 8*s.*)

The Big Wheel. By Mark Benney. (Peter Davies; 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Trouble in July. By Erskine Caldwell. (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

***Booking** in a sailor for the night is Miss Joan Heywood, daughter of the late General Heywood, Coldstream Guards. A bed costs 1s., breakfast and bath brings the bill to 1s. 9d.*

***Baggage,** such as rifles, gas-masks and tin hats, is left in the entrance hall and checked in and out by Lady Moyra Loyd, wife of Major-General Loyd, and a daughter of the Earl of Midleton. Troops can get information about trains, theatres, etc., from a special bureau, and sightseeing tours are arranged for them*

Are You Being Served?

The "Bystander" Goes Round the Canteens

No. 31. The Y.M.C.A. Hostel and Canteen, Gatti's

Gatti's, in the Strand, famous since Victorian days for public and private dining, was taken over three months ago by the Y.M.C.A. as a hostel and canteen for the Forces. Its big and well-equipped kitchens, large dining-rooms and upstairs banquetting rooms, now turned into luxurious dormitories with the small serving-rooms made over as bathrooms, make Gatti's an ideal hostel. Each man has his own locker; pays 1s. a night for a bed, and for an extra 9d. can have a bath and breakfast. Men may stay as long as they like, some stationed in London living there permanently. Mrs. Spencer Holland, whose husband was at one time Chief of Staff to Lord Allenby and Lord Rawlinson, runs Gatti's, and Lady Bearsted is in charge of the mobile canteens which are supplied by Gatti's kitchens

***A mobile tea car** returns to its depot at Gatti's for re-stocking. Miss Veronica Harrison is one of the drivers, and is here talking to Miss Cecilia Hamilton-Wedderburn and Lady Bearsted, the head of the mobile section of Gatti's canteen*

***The hall** at Gatti's looks much the same as Londoners remember it, but the private banquetting rooms have been revolutionised in their swift change to dormitories, their little serving-rooms into bathrooms*

A cigarette *for a Company-Sergeant-Major is lit by Miss Muriel Ross. The Sergeant-Major has seven brothers in the Army, and a record of 280 years of service in the family. Gatti's is ideal for a canteen, being central and large, with space for billiards and ping-pong, a library and writing rooms*

Chocolate, *cigarettes, hair cream, soap, and other useful things are sold at the shop, where there is an interpreter for the French and French Canadian troops. Constance Duchess of Westminster serves behind the counter*

The kitchens, *tiled and well equipped, but hot, are the scene of tray-packing with cakes and buns for reloading one of the mobile vans. Working here are the Hon. Victoria Smith, a daughter of Lord Bicester, Miss Hervey, and Mrs. Spencer Holland, who is in charge of the whole Gatti organisation*

Cash desk *in the dining-room is important, lunches being served at the rate of 150 a day, and snacks continuously. Miss Cox, a sister of Diana Wynyard, is in charge. She is a games mistress, working for the Y.M.C.A. in the holidays. With her is Miss Gibbings, the secretary*

Rush hour *is over, although two people are always on duty in the snack-bar. Miss Rosemary Nevill, a cousin of Lord Abergavenny, and Miss Rosalind Benson sit down to knit under the interested gaze of a Lance-Corporal and a Tommy*

Dormitories *in the banquetting rooms are ornate but comfortable. Mrs. Worthington is making one of the 74 beds which are available each night. All dormitories must be empty by 9.30 a.m., although men may stay at the hostel for as long as they like*

Suits and Stripes

Wardrobe-planning this autumn means concentrating on the basic needs, suits and coats in materials that will wear for years and still look good. Harris tweed summarises all these qualities, and this has been used for the three-piece suit below from Dickins and Jones, Regent Street. This is a whole country outfit in itself, and can be adapted to endless variations. Flap pockets on both suit and coat vary the well-tailored lines, and the price of the whole outfit is 12 guineas. The suit, which can be sold separately, costs 6½ guineas. The coat, with its square raglan shoulders, can be worn over skirt or slacks and looks right in all weathers

Even if you have decided to have fewer clothes, you can have more interesting colours. Walpole, New Bond Street, who specialise in original colour schemes and individual models at very moderate prices, suggest the frock above. This is made in a soft angora woollen and is actually all in one piece, although it looks like a jumper and skirt. This particular model, which costs 5½ guineas, is in grey and hyacinth blue, but it can be made in practically any shades. This house's talent for colour appears again in their hand-woven blouses, cleverly striped and blended

Beauty treatments make an excellent stimulant for tired war workers, the difficulty is to find time for them. Cyclax, of 58, South Molton Street, are solving this problem with a new half-hour beauty treatment. They concentrate on the three R's—Relax, Refresh and Restore, achieving their results by a few carefully chosen massage movements combined with special creams and lotions. Relaxing massage soothes the nerves and stimulates the circulation. The skin is then thoroughly washed and toned up with a light gauze mask soaked in a lotion suitable for its particular texture. Finally, make-up is expertly applied, and the signs of days of fatigue vanish in one half-hour

Photographs by Peter Clark

The Chorus-Girls' Choice

Some time ago a well-known film critic and reporter organised a chorus-girls' beauty competition. No amateurs were asked to judge it: the winner had to get the most votes from her rival competitors. Lois Davis succeeded in this bitter contest, thereupon became a marked girl in her profession. Marked, that is, for success; since then she has been nursed by the management to whom she is under contract, gets small parts, and a chance to understudy the stars. At the moment this girl-to-be-watched can be watched, in this very dress, in *Up and Doing*, at the Saville. She is twenty-two, was born in Tsientsin, has been on the stage six years

Galaxy of Valour

At the Royal Investiture

Wing Commander *John Gillan, D.F.C., who received his decoration at the Investiture, is seen here with his fiancée, actress Claire Luce. Wing Commander Gillan, it will be remembered, was the pilot who flew a "Hurricane" fighter at well over 400 miles an hour from Edinburgh to Northolt. In operations against the enemy, he led a daring raid against Stavanger*

Outstanding bravery *was shown by Sec.-Lieut. Richard Annand, V.C., of the Durham Light Infantry, under the most severe conditions. Single-handed he held off an enemy attack with grenades, and after being wounded, went back to rescue his batman. With him (right) is Miss Shirley Osborne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Osborne, of the Red House, Selsey, to whom his engagement was announced the same day as the Investiture*

Naval valour *of the highest order was displayed by Lieut.-Commander Richard Stannard, R.N.R., V.C., when in command of H.M. Trawler Arab in Norwegian waters. Due to his constant gallantry and skill, he was able to bring his ship home after undergoing immense trials due to enemy action. He not only managed to save the lives of his men, but inflicted loss upon the Germans as well*

Hero's mother *is Mrs. Kain, who received from the King the D.F.C. which her gallant son had won. "Cobber" Kain was the famous New Zealand pilot who became one of the first "Aces" of the war. With Mrs. Kain is her daughter, Miss Judy Kain, W.A.A.F., and Mr. W. J. Jordan, High Commissioner for New Zealand. Mrs. Jordan is on the left*

Squadron-Leaders *J. S. O'Brien and J. Ellis both received the D.F.C. for gallantry in operations against the enemy, and were photographed together as they left the Palace. Squadron-Leader Ellis was one of the few officers wearing forage-caps*

Filial co-operation *is demonstrated by Squadron-Leader the Hon. Maxwell Aitken, D.F.C., here shown with his attractive wife at the Investiture. While his mercurial father, Lord Beaverbrook, builds up our air strength, Squadron-Leader Aitken devotes his energy to tearing down the enemy's with "great dash and gallantry"*

Canadian D.F.C. *Squadron-Leader Alan Coatsworth Brown, of Winnipeg, now serving in the Royal Air Force, was decorated by the King at Buckingham Palace for a particularly audacious reconnaissance over Belgium. With him is his wife, Mrs. Coatsworth Brown*

Family tradition *has been most gallantly upheld by Flight Lieutenant W. H. Rhodes-Moorhouse, D.F.C., whose father was the first air V.C. of 1914-1918. Flt. Lieut. Rhodes-Moorhouse "has shown exemplary courage and devotion to duty." With him is his wife*

Flying sailor *Sub-Lieutenant Bernard Wigginton, R.N.V.R., Fleet Air Arm, was awarded the D.S.C. at the King's Investiture. He was accompanied by his wife*

Celtic dash *is typified by Captain Donlea, of the Royal Ulster Rifles, who was awarded the M.C. by the King at Buckingham Palace*

Formidable foursome *are these cheerful Air Force officers, who were all decorated with the D.F.C. by the King. They are Flt. Lt. Forsyth, F. Officer Murray, Squadron-Leader England, and Flt. Lt. Bennett*

Doubly decorated *by the King with the D.S.O. and the D.S.C., Commander E. R. Conder, R.N., leaves Buckingham Palace after the Investiture. With him are his two sons, David and John, who firmly clutch their father's awards, and Mrs. Conder*

Australian D.F.C. *Squadron-Leader Pearse added to the colour of Empire at the Investiture, where he received his decoration. With him is Mrs. Pearse, who is an officer in the W.R.N.S. Air Force decorations were noticeably predominate in the quadrangle of the Palace*

Young courage *wins the D.F.C. Pilot-Officer Peter Price, nineteen-year-old, was the pilot of a British bomber which attacked a German aircraft factory from an altitude of 500 feet, and then engaged three enemy fighters on the return flight and succeeded in destroying one and damaging another. With him at the Palace were his mother, father and a friend*

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Mr. Bayles and Miss Rowena Dutton

Pilot Officer Ian Norman Bayles, R.A.F.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Bayles, of Dromore, Gullane, East Lothian, and Doriel Rowena Dutton, younger daughter of the late Vice-Admiral the Hon. Arthur Dutton, and the Hon. Mrs. Dutton, of Red Roses, North Berwick, and niece of Lord Sherborne, were married at St. Baldred's, North Berwick

Capt. Van Haeften and Miss Porter-Phillips

Captain John Francis Henry Van Haeften, only son of Baron Van Haeften, and Mabel Lady Ley, of Pitt Manor, Winchester, and Barbara Porter-Phillips, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John Porter-Phillips, of 19, Cavendish Square, W.1, were married at Chelsea Old Church. Her father is physician for and lecturer in psychological diseases at Bart's.

(Concluded on page 350)

Mr. Waterlow and Miss Barbara Davy

Anthony Edgar Russell Waterlow, son of Sir Edgar Waterlow, Bt., and Lady Waterlow, of Wymondley House, Hitchin, Herts., and Barbara Winifred Davy, of 9, Roland Way, S.W.7, elder daughter of Ronald Davy, of Little Brocklesby House, Limber Magna, Lincs., were married at Chelsea Old Church

Daniel Sedgwick, only son of L. G. T. Sedgwick, and Mrs. Liddiard, of Combewood, Brasted, Kent, and Eila Ausy McLean, second daughter of Loudoun McLean, of Old Bracknell House, Bracknell, Berks., and Mrs. McLean (at the Hyde Park Hotel, S.W.1), were married at Waltham St. Lawrence, Berks.

Mr. Sedgwick and Miss Eila McLean

Frederick Robert Hill and Pansy Rita Grace, third daughter of Captain Sir Valentine Grace, Bt., of Boley, Monkstown, Co. Dublin, and the late Lady Grace, were married at Our Lady of Victories, Kensington. He is the only son of the late Rev. W. J. and Mrs. Hill, of Innislowen, Portrush, Northern Ireland

Mr. Hill and Miss Pansy Grace

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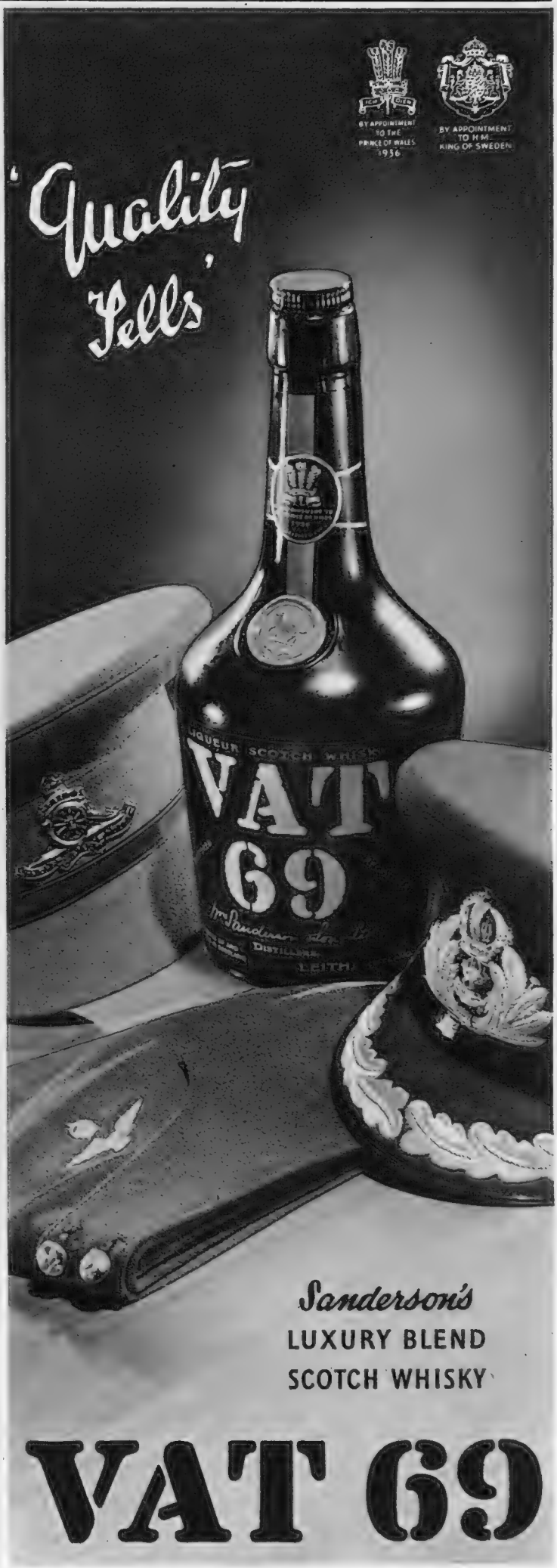

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Getting Married : *(Continued)*

Hawkin — de la Fuente

Sec.-Lieut. Michael Hawkin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Driffield Hawkin, of 30, Hampstead Way, N.W.11, and Josefina Mackehenie de la Fuente, daughter of C. A. Mackehenie, Peruvian Consul-General in London, and Mrs. Mackehenie, were married at Our Lady of Victories, Kensington

Kilpatrick — Falconer

Allan James Kilpatrick, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Kilpatrick, of Winterdown Lodge, Thames Ditton, Surrey, and Sheila MacGregor Falconer, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Falconer, of Abingdon Lodge, Barnton, Midlothian, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Farquharson — Rees

Pilot Officer George Farquharson, R.A.F.V.R., son of the late George Farquharson and Mrs. Farquharson, of Kingsdown Manor, Somerset, and Jill Rees, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Rees, of Wraycroft, Shere, Surrey, were married at St. James's, Shere

Ring — Humbert

Flight-Lieutenant Spencer Leonard Ring, D.F.C., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Ring, of Regina, Canada, and Jessie Margaret Humbert, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Humbert, of Warren Wood, Ashtead, Surrey, were married at Ashtead Parish Church

O'Dwyer — Varvill

Lieut. F. G. O'Dwyer, Sierra Leone Administrative Service, and R.W.A.F.F., son of the late G. C. O'Dwyer, and Mrs. O'Dwyer, of the Argentine, and Joyce Varvill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Varvill, of Abernethy House, Hampstead, were married at Hampstead Parish Church

FitzGibbon — Joynson

Comm. (E.) James FitzGibbon, R.N., son of the Hon. Mr. Justice FitzGibbon, Judge of the Supreme Court, Eire, from 1924 to 1938, and Mrs. FitzGibbon, of 10, Merrion Square, Dublin, and Cordelia Tamarisk Joynson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. M. Joynson, of 87, Elm Park Mansions, S.W.7, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Gillibrand — Nuttall

John Lawrence Gillibrand and Cecily Nuttall, daughter of the late Captain W. E. Nuttall, and Mrs. Nuttall, of Thurland Castle, Tunstall, Lancs., were married at Tunstall Parish Church. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Gillibrand, of Gressingham, Hornby, near Lancaster

Keating — Mills

Maurice Keating, son of the late Canon J. F. Keating, and Mrs. Keating, of Cranmere, Sandiway, Cheshire, and Suzanne Judith Mills, only daughter of Cyril Mills and Mrs. Mills, of Sherlocks, Cookham Dene, Berks., were married at St. John the Baptist, Cookham Dene

McLintock — Craig

Sec.-Lieut. Alastair George McLintock, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. McLintock, of Woodend, Banstead, Surrey, and Angel Craig, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Craig, of Eyke, Suffolk, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

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Hovering in the doorway, Mrs. Pendleton gurgled, "My dear, aren't they too sweet?"

"Bystander" Short Story

Happy Birthday to You

By Mollie Panter-Downes : *Illustration by Tony Weare*

MRS. RAMSAY looked gloomily at the card which Susan had taken out of the box to show her. It was cut in the shape of Donald Duck, looking ferocious, who opened down the stomach, to disclose the following surprisingly dulcet message :

Dear .....

I am giving a little party on ..... at ..... Do come and have some jolly fun with me.

From .....

Mrs. Ramsay sighed and returned the card to her child, who regarded it admiringly.

"How many do you want to have?" she asked. Nannie said that they had counted up to twelve little friends, and added that they must not forget to remind Mummie about the crackers and the balloons. Mrs. Ramsay, who knew that Nannie's reminders had a good deal in common with a week-end note from Hitler, said feebly that she felt crackers were rather too Christmasy for a birthday-party.

"Little Ann Shaw had them," said Nannie. "Oh, that *was* a lovely party, wasn't it, Susan? The table was a perfect picture, with a cake shaped like a house all in sugar, and such a sweet little garden round it, with flower-beds and everything."

She focussed a powerful gaze on Susan, who piped up smartly, "Oh, I do want a cake like Ann's, Mummie!" Nannie looked at her as though she were something left on the steps of Notre Dame and explained pityingly that our Daddy had not got quite so many pennies as Ann's Daddy, which Mrs. Ramsay felt to be an understatement. Then she remarked that the Shaws had had a bran-tub, too, and ices. "Ann was wearing a duck of a dress. I said to Nannie Shaw, 'Wherever does your lady find such lovely things?', and I think she said it came from the Wendy House. I don't know what we're going to wear at our own party, Susan Ramsay, I'm sure." She added ominously to Mrs. Ramsay that our pink net had never looked the same since it was cleaned after that little accident when we were b-i-l-i-o-u-s coming home from the Shaws.

Mrs. Ramsay mentally consigned to h-e-l-l the Shaws, their Nannie, and their child, a pasty-faced little girl who always came to tea in a large claret-coloured Rolls out of which she was carefully decanted by a large, claret-coloured chauffeur. She observed that they would have to see, and Nannie, a glint of triumph flashing behind her glasses, took Susan off for her walk.

The day before the birthday various vans called at the Ramsay home and delivered enormous packages addressed to Miss Susan Ramsay. Mrs. Ramsay, squeezing past them in the hallway, wished crossly that both the grandmothers would give up the competitive spirit or else go shopping armed with a foot-rule and a diagram of the nursery. On the morning itself Susan ignored the more impressive presents and played happily with a small bear presented by Nannie. The birthday lunch passed off quietly, punctuated by shattering thuds as Mrs. Ramsay, Senior's, chauffeur, called in to assist, got the bran-tub into position. At three o'clock Mrs. Ramsay went to dress and took a couple of aspirins. When she got down the little friends were just arriving to have some jolly fun, all armed with presents for Susan, who wore a new dress from the Wendy House and the expression of one who may be b-i-l-i-o-u-s at any moment. The Shaws' Rolls stood at the door, and Ann's nurse was prompting, "What do we say to Nannie Ramsay and the birthday girlie?" As an afterthought, she said "Good afternoon" to Mrs. Ramsay, who felt gratified.

No mothers had been invited, but to Mrs. Ramsay's horror the mother of three bulging children called Pendleton turned up, saying that she could not resist coming along to peep at the delicious little party. Mrs. Ramsay, wondering whether she could ask Mrs. Pendleton to run home and fetch a cup and saucer, said that she was delighted. Under the masterly direction of Nannie, the gathering was now wedged in the dining-room, from whence it seemed highly improbable that they would ever be able to emerge. The *pièce de résistance* was the birthday-cake, which was shaped like a circus tent and surrounded by a fair-ground stocked with chocolate animals. Nannie Shaw said that it was ever so original, and Nannie Ramsay took the compliment with a gracious inclination of the head.

Hovering in the doorway, Mrs. Pendleton gurgled, "My dear, aren't they too sweet?", apparently referring to her own children, on whom she gloated like an amiable cannibal. Mrs. Ramsay took her into the living-room, where they had a cup of tea and Mrs. Pendleton described her three *accouchements* until it was time for Susan to cut the cake. Abandoning her youngest in mid-labour, Mrs. Pendleton cried, "Oh, do let us peep! May we?", and popped her head starrily round the door just as Susan hacked through the circus roof and said, "I know what I'm wishing, Nannie—I'm wishing for a baby brother in my Christmas stocking."

"Now isn't that absolutely darling?" cried Mrs. Pendleton, while all the Nannies smirked down their noses. Several of the children had baby brothers at home, it appeared, and one or two said smugly that they had baby sisters, too. Fecundity quivered in the air, and all eyes turned to Mrs. Ramsay's waistline, which remained flat.

"That's my Cæsarean," observed Mrs. Pendleton after tea, looking fondly at a small boy who was wiping his hands on the curtains. Mrs. Ramsay suppressed a nasty wish that he had been Mrs. Pendleton's abortion and led the way to the bran-tub. All the children got the toys they did not want and carried them off to brood sullenly over them in corners, from where they were rounded up to Hunt the Delman lent by Mrs. Pendleton, who seemed to have voted herself in with Nannie as joint *commère* of the proceedings. Squatting chummily on the floor, a massive block of black crêpe and pearls among the Wendy House dotted Swiss and buster suits, she trilled "*Such* fun!", and printed light Guerlain on the cheek of her youngest, who screamed angrily. Mrs. Ramsay swept up the fragments of her favourite vase and went to see about the ices.

Amid the popping of balloons and the howls of enraged children, it was murmured that the poor little dears were getting tired, and a move was made to collect hats and coats. At six Nannie stood benignly acknowledging the congratulations of the departing throng. Mrs. Ramsay noted on several faces the slightly stodged expression which denotes a successful party. At six-fifteen Susan was b-i-l-i-o-u-s. At six-twenty Mrs. Ramsay waded through paper hats in the dining-room and poured herself a stiff Scotch.

She did not know when, if ever, she had felt quite so low.

THE END.

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SEPTEMBER

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MINISTRY OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S

FOOD FACTS No. 7

Tear out this advertisement and pin it up in your kitchen with the others in the series.

EVERYONE knows that we must eat for energy, and for building or rebuilding our bodies. But do you know that we can eat also to *protect ourselves from illness?* Science has discovered that some foods rich in vitamins and mineral salts increase resistance to infections.

All the foods in the panel below are of this kind : they are *protective foods.* They are nature's "tonics" and nature's "medicines". They should be part of your diet as much as the body-building and energy foods. Begin to eat wisely now for the sake of your health in the winter.

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

Do you listen-in to the hints and recipes given at 8.15 every morning on the Wireless?

CHIEF PROTECTIVE FOODS

- Milk
- Butter or Margarine
- Cheese
- Eggs
- Herrings (fresh, canned or salt)
- Salmon (fresh or canned)
- Liver
- Potatoes
- Green Vegetables (fresh or canned but not dried)
- Salads
- Fruit (fresh or canned but not dried)
- Carrots
- Tomatoes
- Wholemeal Bread

HOW TO DRY PLUMS. The whole secret of drying plums is in drying them *slowly*. First wash your fruit and arrange on muslin-covered racks or wire trays. Dry as slowly as possible, at never more than 120°F. Use, on several consecutive days, the heat left in your oven after cooking. Keep the oven door ajar. After about 15 hours' drying, test by squeezing a plum gently. If the skin doesn't break, the fruit is ready. Allow to cool for 12 hours and then pack in jars.

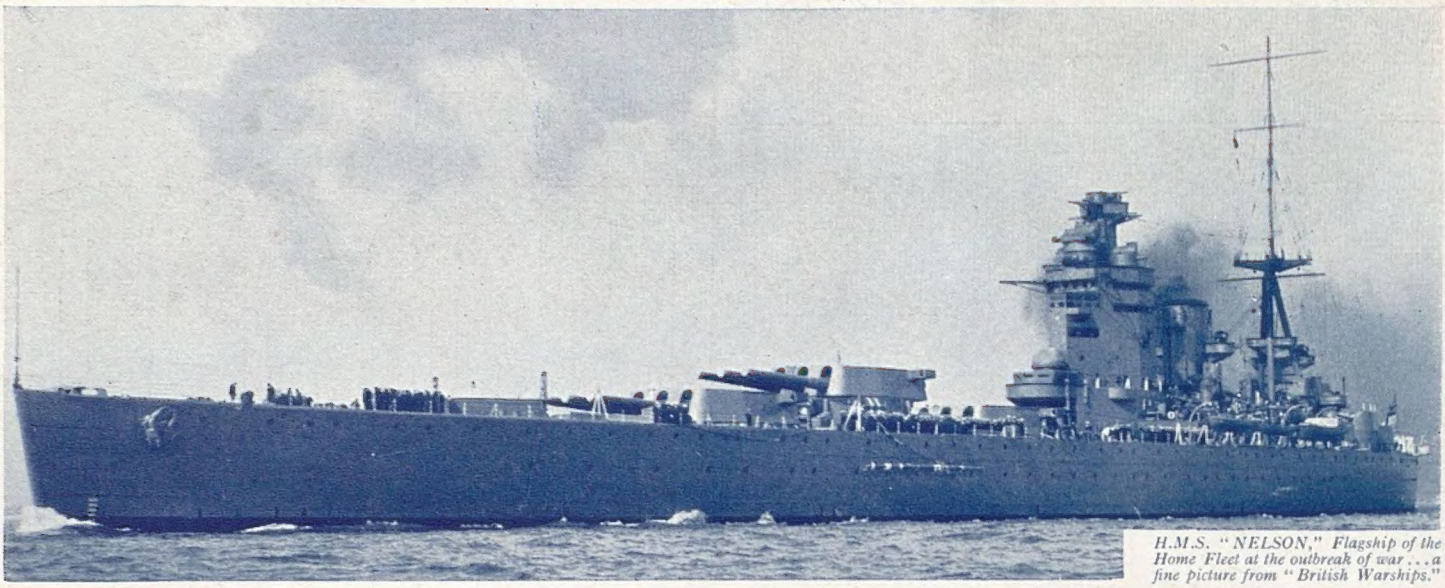
A NEW SALAD. Wash and drain a crisp lettuce, put it in a bowl and pour over it a dressing made by mixing thoroughly 2 tablespoonfuls salad oil, 1 tablespoonful vinegar with salt and pepper to taste. Turn the lettuce over and over in the dressing with a wooden spoon ; then line your bowl with it. Pile in the middle a grated raw carrot, a chopped apple, a cupful of cooked diced potatoes, and decorate with chopped mint and a small chopped onion.

THE BLACKBERRY CROP.

Blackberries are ripening fast all over the country. Don't neglect this good and health-giving fruit. Try to organise blackberry picking parties — but take care to close all gates and avoid trampling on crops.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

"BRITISH WARSHIPS"



H.M.S. "NELSON," Flagship of the Home Fleet at the outbreak of war . . . a fine picture from "British Warships."

Completely illustrates and describes

THE ROYAL NAVY

"The Navy is to-day, as it always has been in our history, the first line of defence of these islands and of that Great Empire which was built up by the toil and the enterprise of our fathers."
Mr. Neville Chamberlain, on the 31st of January, 1940.

This sums up in a few words the supreme part played by the Royal Navy in the present war and specially underlines the value and importance of the publication "BRITISH WARSHIPS" issued by "The Illustrated London News."

"British Warships," a book of panorama proportions (size 19 x 12½), contains photogravure reproductions of every Battleship, Battle-Cruiser, Aircraft-Carrier and Cruiser in the British Navy, as well as illustrations of every type of Destroyer, Submarine, Escort Vessel and other small craft.

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